

The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXXII—NUMBER 10

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1926.

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MRS. MAY LOUISE HASTINGS

Born July 8, 1877, died June 16, 1926. With a sadness too deep for tears I write the name of this dearly loved woman, knowing she has gone beyond our mortal vision.

It is hard for us to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done," when our hearts are torn with a grief that well nigh breaks them.

Though we have been taught from our earliest infancy that God doeth all things well; we are often led to exclaim when such an affliction as this comes and we are called to part with one near and dear to us.

"I drop my broken crutch of trust And bend my sorrow, bending to the dust— Because I must."

Mrs. Hastings was a devoted wife whose greatest happiness was in bringing comfort and joy to her home and husband.

A wise mother who was both counselor and companion to her boys—a trusted friend and neighbor, a loyal worker in the Grange where she has held various offices, always performing her duties with dignity and efficiency.

She was born in Bethel, the daughter of Hiram Wallace and Ellen Cushman Fife, and acquired her education in the common schools and Gould Academy.

On October 10, 1894, she was married to George Kimball Hastings and went to the Hastings farm at East Bethel to live. Two sons, Robert Deatur and William Straw Hastings, were born to them.

Mrs. Hastings had been failing in health and strength for some time and went to the hospital in Lewiston for treatment. Hopes were had that she would return home in a much improved condition but the skill of able physicians failed and the gentle spirit winged its way to the "Land Beautiful."

She leaves her husband and two sons, an sister, Mrs. E. O. Millett of South Paris, one brother, John Fife of Rumford Center, and one nephew, Morton Millett of South Paris, and the friends who mourn with them are countless.

Funeral services were held at her late home Saturday the 19th of June, Rev. W. C. Curtis of Auburn speaking tender comforting words. The body was laid to rest beneath a profusion of beautiful flowers.

When bowed with a weight of sadness We see dimly through our tears, And we long for the sweet toned music Of a voice we have loved for years.

Then it's hard to repeat "Our Father," And "Thy will be done," to say, When the one we have loved the dearest Has been called by God away.

The sun's golden gleams of splendor Shine soft from the cloudless West, But how can we look at its beauty When sorrow is filling our breast?

The birds carol soft from the tree tops— We care not for their musical strain, For death has so surely and swiftly Filled our lives with bitterest pain.

You tell us the flowers are blooming; Of you cannot comfort us so, For over our hearts unrelenting Sweep the rushing waters of woe.

In vain we list for the footsteps That oft sounded so buoyant and free, As in vain we long for the coming Of one we shall never more see. Until we are freed from earth's troubles And pass over the narrow way To the gates of that wonderful city, Where eternity seems but a day.

We are taught that in loving kindness Such trials to us are given; In sadness we bow to God's power— And there's one more waiting in Heaven.

A. K. M.

Noted, June 20, 1926. Mrs. Hiram Hastings and son and Mrs. A. M. Merrill and daughter left Wednesday for Winter Harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Foster of Everett, Mass., have arrived at their home on Sunday River for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brink and children and Mrs. Brown motored to Presque Isle, N. H., recently. Mrs. Brown remained for a visit.

In last week's Citizen it was reported that Mr. F. E. Russell was called to New York by the death of her stepfather. It should have read stepmother.

Among those who attended the Bankers' Convention at Poland Springs, Saturday, were Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Park, and daughter, Muriel, Mrs. F. A. Tibbels, Mr. E. M. Walker, Miss Harriet Merrill and Mr. F. D. Merrill.

IN MEMORIAM

Another good woman has finished her earthly tasks and the community mourns her passing.

Ella Hapgood Lyon was a life long resident of Bethel and always an active and energetic worker for the good of town, school, church and society.

Her first interest was her husband and home, her daughter and her grandchildren, and for these dear ones she lived to serve.

But in her great-hearted generosity and capabilities she found time to serve others in many ways.

A member of Brown Relief Corps, and ever interested in its welfare.

For twenty-eight years a member of Sunset Rebekah Lodge, Past Noble Grand, and an active officer and worker up to the last.

Bethel Grange has enjoyed her support and valued her allegiance during many successful years.

In the parish of the Congregational Church her executive ability on innumerable committees has been a culminating factor.

An exemplary housekeeper and expert needlewoman, her skill and ingenuity turned the tide in many a neighborhood emergency.

A gift of keenness and comprehension made her an incomparable friend and her ear was quick and her hand ever ready to sense another's need.

The many paths she trod were ever those of peace. She had no time or patience with dissension and all her energies were for promotion and progress.

Her smiling presence was a tonic to all with whom she mingled and her dauntless spirit served her well.

With even the insidious ravages of disease to combat, she kept her courage and her smile.

Borne by tender brotherly hands, she was laid to rest amid a profusion of flowers, mute testimony of hosts of friends, in peaceful Woodland Cemetery, where the softly sighing pines stand guard.

MRS. MINNIE (SHAW) CROSS

Mrs. Cross was born in Arichat, Nova Scotia, sixty-eight years ago. She became the wife of Ernest Cross in Portland, Maine, some thirty-eight years ago and came to Bethel where she has lived with the exception of some three years spent in Massachusetts.

Two children were born to them, Florence, who married N. C. Machin, and has lived at home with her parents, and Edgar, who married Gladys Bennett, and lives near the old home.

Mrs. Cross was a quiet and industrious home maker, although ever devoted to her husband and children. No deed of neighborly kindness was left undone if the opportunity came wherein she could be of service as long as her health permitted.

She had been an invalid for a number of years and last March she suffered a shock from which she never recovered, lingering in a partially unconscious state until Wednesday morning the 16th of June she quietly passed on to the Higher Life.

She was a member of the Methodist Church of Bethel, Mass., and belonged to the W. C. T. U. of Bethel.

Besides her husband and the two above mentioned children she leaves a son, by a former marriage, Herbert Leighton, of Melrose, Mass., and four sisters, Mrs. Charles Adams of Medford, Mass., Mrs. Stephen Palmer of Everett, Mass., Mrs. John B. Shaw and Mrs. Thomas Edwards of Arichat, N. S.

Funeral services were held at her late home Friday, Rev. C. H. Oliver giving much consolation with his comforting words to the bereaved family. Interment was in the cemetery at West Bethel.

Who has entered the gates of that city, The city not made by hands, She has passed from earthly duties To the beautiful heavenly land.

But sadly we turn to our labors For mother has gone from the home, Of we miss the dear form by the window And the days seem weary and lone.

Yet we know she would bid us cease weeping For the Master's ways ever are best, For her form we last saw as if sleeping Her spirit soars free with the best.

Bethel, June 18th, 1926

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our thanks and appreciation to the neighbors, friends and relatives for their many kindnesses, and for the beautiful floral tributes, and to the pastor for his words of comfort.

MR. ERNEST CROSS.

MR. AND MRS. N. C. MACHIN, MR. AND MRS. HIRSH CROSS.

THE J. E. JONES LETTER

A STRAIGHT TIP

You can take it from the "man high up" that the Nation is thriving, since it has been stated officially at the White House that business conditions of the country are "very healthy." The White House statement says that customs receipts show much importation of both raw material and finished products which indicate large scale manufacture in the United States and an ability to produce commodities as they desire. Approximately \$5,000,000,000 will come due in the next two years in Government payments, including the third Liberty Loan. It was pointed out in the White House statement that Government bonds are selling at a premium.

BUSINESS FOR THE MERGERS

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States has officially gone on record in favor of the consolidation of the railroads. The Chamber has a perfectly organized file with the business organizations of the country, and as a result of the canvass of the situation it has thrown its influence in favor of the pending Parker bill, which is designed to facilitate voluntary railroad consolidation. Theoretically, the whole world wants consolidations of railroads, but every time attempts are made to work out some of them it is found that promoters of the Van Sweringen kind have a little bigger hidden in the wood pile, in dealing with the millions involved in railroad mergers the promoters—for promoters are everywhere—seem to have more interest in taking care of themselves than they have in looking after the majority and minority of stockholders whose money is at stake.

EAST MEETS WEST

All Christians who are inclined to dispute the statement that the Koran is a modern book are expected to take notice of the fact that the Egyptian government has published and offered for sale a large edition of the Koran, through the Egyptian Library, well illustrated in a substantial volume, printed on an attractive grade of heavy paper, with typography strictly up to date, all bound in modern American fabric. Two colors of this material, red and green, have been used in this edition. The covers in both colors are highly decorative in their treatment, and the Americanized Koran has been commented on in the news dispatches as another instance where "East meets West—and, as is generally the case, both benefit thereby."

THE BYRD

Lieutenant Commander Richard E. Byrd will receive the congratulations of the Government. The event will be in charge of a committee of Congress that will extend the welcome of the United States Government to the men who initiated the birds in their flight over the North Pole. The achievement has been proclaimed by Congress as one of "dauntless courage, unerring skill and characteristic American alertness," which distinguishes Byrd and "makes a valuable contribution to Polar exploration and reflecting great honor on his country."

FEDERAL JUDGES

There has been a fight to a finish in Congress this year to secure an increase in the number of Federal District Judges, and the battle is still on. The Federal Courts have been swamped with cases, a large percentage of which have come from the illegal liquor traffic. Of course the courts have to try cases—drugs, bootleggers, and all—and the prohibition officers couldn't do it with things as much there wouldn't be as much business in the Federal courts. And there have been cases where the cases have been able to keep the Government from building up a proper amount of Federal machinery for the Federal Courts to try the cases of law. The work can think of every device to frustrate prohibition and prohibition enforcement. Even when the President issued an executive order enabling State officials to cooperate with the Federal Government, they threw such successful fits that many people were deceived into thinking there was something wrong about the order.

SUMMERTIME

The calendar says that summertime is here. President Coolidge is setting the style of going away into the remote hills to rest. Up to date the thermometer hasn't recognized the summer season, and the National Capital has been comfortable and cool. But with Coolidge going to the Adirondacks and Chief Justice Taft to Murray Bay, Quebec, the psychology of vacation has conquered Congress. The result will likely be somewhat disastrous to farm legislation.

CHILDREN'S DAY AT THE CHURCHES IN BETHEL

The following program was carried out at the Universalist church last Sunday in the observance of Children's Day.

Processional Invocation, Eleanor Everett Solo, "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me" Christening Welcome, Beatrice Merrill School Chorus, Edward Robertson Margaret Gallant Evelyn Hunt Junior Bennett Primary Boys Stanley Gallant Robert Moore Primary Girls School Chorus, Miss Farwell's Class Marion and Muriel Brink Lloyd Chapin Barbara Bean Awarding of Diplomas, Mr. Easternhouse Recitation, Pauline LaPlante Recitation, Phyllis Hunt Dialogue, Howard and Josephine Thurston Solo, Offertory, Tableau, Phyllis and Evelyn Hunt, Edgar Coolidge Chorus, School Tableau, Flag Salute, Marlan and Rita Hutchins America, Congregation Benediction

The exercises at the Methodist church were as follows: Congregation Singing, Scripture reading and prayer, Ronald Tyler Recitation, Evelyn Wentzell Exercise, "Shine for Jesus," Lillian Kelly, Mary Wheeler Recitation, "An Aviator," Elmer Bartlett Exercise, "Flowers," Vivian Berry, Rodney Wentzell, Carolyn Wood, Winifred Robertson Recitation, "Whistling," Floyd Bartlett Pageant, "Youth's Coronation Day" Characters, Mrs. C. B. Oliver, Eugene Haselton, Esther Lapham, Dorotha Barbanks, Beryl Brown, Gladys Gibbs, Marjorie Berry, Phyllis Davis Words, Frank Littlehale, Stanley Hamlin Deeds, Robert Littlehale, Wilson Bartlett, Gay Gibbs, Trifton Bartlett, Arthur Gibbs, Eldredge Berry Talents, Ruth Aubin, Dorothy Hutchins, Margaret Hamlin, Rita Bryant Standard Bearer, Richard Davis Conscience, Florence Bean Versa Berry Hope, Marjorie Twitell Eldora Merrill Shirley Benson Spirit of Pagan Lands, Trisella York Spirit of War, Wendell Gibbs Gladys Gibbs America, Muriel Wilson Eight Messengers, Mildred Vail, Margaret Hall, Vivian Berry, Ada Hollentine, Carolyn Wood, Mary Wheeler, Lillian Kelly, Mary Robertson

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Vashaw and daughter, Elvira, and Mrs. Estelle Goodridge were in Pontiac, N. H., Tuesday to attend the 5th day of the American Chemical Engineers Association. Mr. Vashaw had charge of the sports for the day.

The work of making repairs at the Congregational church has begun. The dining room and kitchen have been torn out and extensive alterations will be made. Mr. J. B. Harrison has the work in charge.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Rabideau and grandchildren, and Mr. Fred Woodward and family and Mrs. Hattie Shaw of Milan, N. H., Mrs. Glenn Swan and daughter, Glenice, Mr. Howard Tyler and family and Mrs. Carrie Arno enjoyed a picnic at Songo Pond, Sunday.

Mr. Harry Hagar of Johnstown, Pa., with the golf pro Eddie Dempsey of Bethel Inn and Ted Swan went fishing the first of the week. They drove to Upton and parked their car near a good looking brook and started in to fish. When they had enough of fishing they found themselves in fixation about five miles from where the car was parked. Messrs. Hagar and Swan walked back after the car. (Ask Eddie what he did). However, they brought in a nice string of trout.

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Mrs. Lester Eaman of Rumford is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dana Haud.

Mrs. Edwards of Orlisfield was a recent guest of her sister, Mrs. Leroy Hamlin.

Mrs. Brickett's junior pupils will give a recital in Garland, Chapel, Friday evening, June 25th.

Miss Vivian Wight has returned home from Jackson College.

Miss Mabel Herrick visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Herrick, in Greenwood last week.

Dr. R. R. Tibbets attended the reunion of Bowdoin Class of 1901 at Brunswick, Wednesday.

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Mr. and Mrs. Philly Smith of California are on their way to Bethel. Mr. Smith was a former Bethel boy.

Mrs. George Conner, who has been assisting in the care of Mrs. Ernest Cross, has returned to her home.

Miss Marjorie Twitell of Littlefield, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Benson, returned home Monday.

Mrs. E. B. Farrar and children of Randolph, N. H., were last week's guests of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Demeritt.

Dean & Fox Co. have installed a new Chadwick & Co's refrigerator and are preparing to carry a full line of meats.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hodgkins and son, Perley, of Hiram, Me., were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Carter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brady and Mrs. Harris White of Haverhill, Mass., were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lowe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Spearin of Abilene, Me., and Mr. and Mrs. Luchan Littlehale are camping at Wilson's Mills this week.

Miss Esther Tyler, who is a teacher in the high school at Deering, Maine, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Tyler.

Among the new cars in town we note Miss Alice Mason with a new Buick coupe, Mrs. F. L. Edwards with a new Hudson brougham.

Mrs. C. B. Oliver, Misses Eugenia Haselton, Mildred Keene and Gladys Gibbs are at Kent's Hill this week attending the Epworth League Institute.

Helen Stevens, young daughter of L. C. Stevens of the Middle Intervale broke her arm from a table Saturday and broke both bones in her right arm below the elbow.

Mr. Philip W. Kaye and family and Zenas Merrill motored to Lewiston, Wednesday night and Sunday to see Mrs. Zenas Merrill, who is in the C. M. Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Harwood Andrews of Whitesville, Mass., came to Bethel last week to visit relatives. Mr. Andrews will remain for a longer visit.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Gasey, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Edwards, Dr. and Mrs. R. Tibbets, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Carver, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Moore and Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Twaddle attended the Shriners' Field Day at Gorham, N. H., Saturday.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

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BREWSTER NOMINATED FOR GOVERNOR

The primaries Monday brought out a large vote all over the State. Governor Ralph O. Brewster was nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor.

In Oxford County Brewster defeated Thayer in practically every town. There was no contest in the Democratic ticket.

For the office of Register of Deeds (Eastern District) there were five candidates, Hazel E. Conary of Norway, Elmer W. Cummings of Paris, Fred O. Davis of Paris, Harvey E. Powers of Paris, and Robert E. Shaw of Paris. Harvey Powers was nominated with Robert Shaw a close second.

For the office of County Treasurer two candidates were seeking the nomination, Harry M. Shaw of Paris defeating W. Q. Perham of Woodstock by a good margin.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

WEST BETHEL UNION CHURCH

Edwin A. Goldsworthy, Pastor. On Thursday evening at 7:30 there will be a business meeting of the Ladies' Aid in the chapel. Choir rehearsal will be held in the church on Friday at 7:30 P. M. The Church School will meet at the close of the morning service except the boys' class which will meet at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning. This class is for all boys of high school age and for the older boys in grammar school.

The service on Sunday morning will be a memorial service of the Pleasant Valley Grange. The pastor's topic will be "Flesh and Blood." The evening address will be "What a College Man Thinks of Jesus."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Chapman Street. Services Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject for the lesson sermon, "Evolved by Atomic Force." Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. C. B. Oliver, Minister. We have five young people at Kent's Hill this week. We hope that none of them has the German measles. Any wishing to contribute to their comfort of body or pocket-book may do so now. The address is Kent's Hill, Maine, Conference Epworth League Institute. They will come home singing, we hope, "The Institute has cultivated me, hi, hi, I'm game."

There is no Ladies' Aid this week. Remember the program for all day Friday at Norway. Miss Mary Pearson from Mexico (not Mexico, Maine) will be the chief speaker. Consult Mrs. Lyman Wheeler for further information. Next Sunday will show a high tide of attendance at our Church School. We begin at 9:45.

The message Sunday morning is "The Fear of The Lord." Sunday evening at 7:30 after the special Junior and Intermediate Chorus the minister will speak on "The Power of The Mind."

Let the Epworth League meet in special prayer for the climax of the Institute to be great in its dedication of life, young life. Epworth League meeting Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock.

There is good news concerning our summer program. Watch this column. The Year Books have come. You can get yours on Sunday.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

Rev. C. Easternhouse, Minister. Next Sunday the Rev. Eleanor Forbes of West Paris will preach at 10:45. Last Sunday at the Children's Day service the church was beautifully decorated with flowers and six children were christened which was followed by a fine program.

The Ladies' Circle will serve a supper Wednesday, June 23, at 6:15 P. M. to the members and friends of the parish. This is for the purpose of opening the Sunshine Bazaar. Will those not solicited please bring party.

NOYES-HAINES

Mr. Leslie Noyes of Greenwood and Mrs. Bernice Haines of Bethel were united in marriage June 25 by Rev. C. B. Oliver.

Mr. Noyes is the son of Mr. Frank Noyes of Norway.

Mrs. Noyes is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Haines of Bethel, and a graduate of Gould Academy in the class of 1924.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Gasey, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Edwards, Dr. and Mrs. R. Tibbets, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Carver, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Moore and Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Twaddle attended the

Porto Bello Gold

By
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

WNU Service

Copyright by Arthur D. Howden Smith

SYNOPSIS

The story opens in New York, about the middle of the Eighteenth century. Robert Ormerod, who tells the tale, is talking to Peter Corlier, chief of fur traders, and man of enormous strength, when Darby McGraw, Irish bonded boy, brings news that a pirate ship is "off the Hook." An old sea captain announces he has been chased by the notorious pirate, Captain Rip-Rap. The older Ormerod tells Robert the pirate is Andrew Murray, his (Robert's) great-uncle, commanding the pirate ship, the Royal James. Murray is an ardent Jacobite. Next day Robert and Darby encounter a one-legged sailor, John Silver, whom Darby conducts to a tavern. Robert meets a young woman from a Spanish frigate who is seeking her father, Colonel O'Donnell. He takes her to the place she designates.

CHAPTER II—Continued

He brushed by me with a creak of impatience, and Darby and I followed him to the street. As we all three emerged, Mistress O'Donnell darted up to her father and caught at the lapels of his coat.

"Ah, padre," she cried in a brogue that clotted and slurred her words, "you'll not be holding it against me because I wearied of the ship and would feel the earth crumbling underfoot, and me so lonely for lack of you I was near to weeping the while I sat in my cabin with naught to do but read my Hours!"

He smiled, as must any man have done, flinging his arm around her with a gesture that verged on the theatrical.

"Tush, tush, Molra," he rebuked her gently; "twas unbecoming in you, and in Spanish lands such conduct would lead to trouble. See that you do it not a second time. I will give you in charge of Juan; and, having had your taste of freedom, you must return aboard, for I have matters yet requiring my attention. Ah, yes, and you must thank this gentleman properly for his gallantry. Master Ormerod, my dear! His father is a great merchant of this town."

Mistress O'Donnell swept me a willowy curtsy, and as I bowed acknowledgment I wondered where he had secured such exact information about me.

"Sure, I'll not be after trying to thank you," says my lady to me with a twinkle in her eye. "For I couldn't find the words to express my gratitude. But for you, 'tis an awful fool I'd have made of myself this quarter-hour past."

Colonel O'Donnell hemmed reprovingly.

"Let it be a lesson to you, my girl. My thanks to you again, Master Ormerod. My compliments to your father. If it please you, Good night, sir."

I understood that he wished to be rid of me, and accepted the cue.

"Good night, sir," I replied. "And a fair voyage to you, mistress. If I can be of further service, pray command me."

"No, Master Ormerod, here our paths diverge," she answered softly, and placed her hand upon her father's arm.

A moment later I was hurrying forth and west, Darby McGraw chatting beside me.

CHAPTER III

A Caller in the Night

We sat late at dinner that night, for my father must needs have me repeat at length the tale of my experiences during the day, revealing a perturbation unusual in him, although Peter Corlier ate on with placid solemnity.

"I have heard of this Colonel O'Donnell," said my father when I had made an end. "He was in Scotland with Prince Charles—one of the Irish crew who begged a promising venture, if what men say be true. I marvel at his temerity in landing here, for there must be a price upon his head in England. Doubtless he was consorting with some of our Jacobite sympathizers at the Whale's Head—a fitting place for such an intrigue."

"The captain of the frigate called upon the governor this morning, so Master O'Donnell told me, with a cock-and-bull story of a mistake in his reckoning that took him north of his course. I smell the taint of a Jacobite flag."

"Mistress O'Donnell said they were for the Florida," I protested. "Sure, they are not far out of their course."

My father smiled for the first time.

"The little maid would have no knowledge of her father's purpose. And if she did—No, no, lad, I had my share of plotting in my youth. Our Jacobites ate a peripatetic diet. But there! In an hour a devilish business we might not hope to reach the truth, nor am I greatly concerned thereof. Most Jacobite plots are ill-planned sallies by desperate, misguided men. No, boy, what I wish is the tidings you had of the one-legged sailor. Silver, you called him? Yes, I like it

not to hear the pirates are outside our harbor. It hath the look of daring beyond the ordinary. If Murray—"

The door behind me opened, and I saw my father's jaw drop. Peter, at my right hand, let his eyelids blink, then went on quietly cracking nuts between his huge fingers.

"Did I hear you call me, Ormerod?"

The voice from the doorway had a chill, level quality that was as resonant as the tolling of a bell.

"If Murray—I thought I heard my name?"

I screeched around in my chair. There in the doorway stood the most remarkable figure I had ever seen. A large man, straight as an arrow despite the years that had planted crows' feet so thickly about his eyes, his square shoulders showed to advantage the exquisite tailoring of the black velvet coat he wore. His small clothes were of a fine yellow damasked silk, and his stockings of silk to match. Diamonds flashed from the buckles of his shoes, his fob, his fingers and the hilt of his dress-sword. A great ruby glowed in the Mecllin Jabot that cascaded from his throat. Over his arm hung a cloak, and under his elbow was tucked a hat cocked in the latest mode.

But it was the memory of his face that abided with you. The features were all big and strongly carved; the nose was a jutting beak above a tight-lipped mouth and a jaw that jutted brutally square; the eyes were a vivid black, flecked with tawny lights. His hair was of a pure, silvery whiteness and drawn back, clotted and tied with a black ribbon. His cheeks and brows were furrowed by a maze of wrinkles, yet the flesh seemed as firm as mine. In every way he suggested breeding, gentility, wealth; but there was a combined effect of stunner power and predatory will, a hint of ruthless egotism which took no account of any interests save his own.

He acknowledged my prolonged stare with a slight bow, mildly derisive.

"Your son, Ormerod?" he continued.

"My grandnephew? Robert, I think, you named him, for the respectable Master Juggins of London, who asked you to start life anew after you had contrived to wreck yourself upon the rocks of a forewarned Jacobite career."

My father rose slowly to his feet.

"Yes, he is my son, Murray. It is neither his fault nor mine that he is also your grandnephew. As to his name, Robert Juggins was a better man than you or I, and you cannot inspire my son against me by hinting at hidden chapters of my early life. He knows that I was deluded into serving the Stuarts, and lived to learn that country comes before king."

The man in the doorway nodded his head.

"I would not seem discourteous," he remarked suavely. "I note another old friend, Ormerod—or perhaps I should say an old enemy. Permit me to observe, Corlier, that you wear well with the years—as well as myself, indeed."

Peter squeaked a hickory-not between his forefinger and thumb and looked up vacantly into Murray's face.

"Ja," he said.

"Least you should be tempted by some misapprehension," pursued Murray. "I may inform you that I have every reason to suppose myself safe from any measures you might take against me. I hope to do what I have come here for tonight without injuring anybody, and if you gentlemen will listen to me quietly for a few moments I am confident that the issue will be harmless for all of us."

He cast his cloak and hat upon a chair by the fire, and put his hand upon the vacant one betwixt my father and me.

"May I?" he asked.

My father, still standing, said nothing; and Murray, with a shrug, accepted the silence for consent, sank gracefully into the seat and drew a golden snuffbox, studded with brilliant stones, from a pocket.

"With your permission," he said, sprinkling the cover.

A fragrant whiff of snuff-tobacco tickled my senses as he offered it generally.

"Tis excellent stuff," he remarked. "Hillo Rip-Rap. What? None of you? Ah, then—"

He dusted a pinch under his nose, inhaled and lightly used his handkerchief, a lace-edged square such as women carry.

My father leaned forward across the table, a blaze of hatred in his face.

"Tis true, then?"

Murray regarded him in some surprise.

"True? My dear sir, I assured you 'twas Rip-Rap."

My father turned to Peter and me.

"After I told you about this man, Robert—I hoped that I was wrong—that I had done him an injustice. But now he has convicted himself out of his own lips."

Murray gently deposited the snuffbox upon the table in front of him.

"Ah," he murmured. "I see! You were referring to my nickname, or, shall we say, some de guerre?"

My father laughed bitterly.

"Nomme de guerre! Name of a

pirate! But let us have it, fair and openly, Andrew Murray. Are you Captain Rip-Rap?"

"I suppose most people would agree with your description," replied Murray; "although personally I prefer the word buccaneer. It is susceptible to so much wider use, and there is about it a suggestion of—however, we are not interested here tonight in the more abstruse branches of etymology. I am the person popularly known on the high seas as Captain Rip-Rap, and I fancy I might have logical grounds for arguing that if any disgrace adheres to me by that admission, 'twas you, Ormerod, who drove me to the practice of what you call piracy."

"Tis like you to take that tone," said my father. "It drove you from the practice of what amounted to piracy on the land. There is no difference in the way you earn your livelihood today, Murray. You were an outlaw, and you are an outlaw."

"I fear you are incapable of doing me justice," sighed Murray. "You should know that I have always labored to serve higher ends than the mere sordid pursuit of money, such as has possessed you and those like you."

He swung around suddenly upon me.

"But I am forgetting my purpose!" he cried. "Stand up, grandnephew, and let me have a look at you."

I would not have heeded him, but my father said quickly:

"Do as he asks you, Robert. I'd not have him think you are crooked in the legs."

So I stood.

"A likely build," he remarked warmly. "You favor your father, I see—save in the face, it may be. There you are your mother, my maid Marjory. Ah, sweet child, would she were with us now! A sad loss; a sad loss, lad."

The expression which came to my father's face was terrible in its intensity of passion. He leaned closer to Murray, white to the cheekbones, his nostrils flared.

"Murray," he said, "make an end of such talk! As you value your life, mention her not again. I know not what curds you hold up your sleeve here, but if we all die in the next moment I will say you as you sit if you profane her memory with your foul tongue."

Murray stared up at him coolly and took a pinch of snuff.

"Ah, well, you were always prejudiced," he answered. "I—But it serves no purpose to reopen old wounds. I am of one mind with you there."

He leaned abruptly across the table so that I will be frank with you, Ormerod—and with Nephew Robert here. I am somewhat in difficulties—"

"If 'tis money—" began my father.

My great-uncle's gesture was sufficient check to this.

"I am not in difficulties for money, although I am like to be in difficulties shortly in connection with an embarrassing quantity of it. In fine, sir, I am upon the point of launching the coup of my career, one which will entail consequences of a stupendous character, and in the end, I venture to predict, echo in throne-rooms and chancelleries—"

He broke off.

"It is not necessary that I should go into that. Suffice it for the present if I say that I am in the position of a man who has partially fanned an unwieldy band of wild animals. My own ship, I can rely upon to a certain point, but I have associated with me—"

"That would be Flint?" interjected my father.

"I am flattered by the knowledge of my affairs which you display," replied my great-uncle with one of his courtly inclinations. "Yes, I had occasion, when I first went to sea, for a competent navigator. Flint served me in that capacity until I became independent, and I then fired him out with his own ship. We have parted in company since. I am not trusting a professional secret agent I add that he is a man whose unbalanced force of personality is offset by a certain turbulence and recklessness of all which make him difficult to handle—increasingly difficult to handle. I may say, I foresee trouble with him in the future in connection with the coup to which I have already referred. I re-

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quire a young man to stand at my elbow and assist me in curbing unruly spirits. I promise a great future for such."

"Command of his own pirate craft, no doubt?" pressed my father.

"That would be an offer to draw most stout youths," returned my great-uncle. "Bah, what is piracy, that you and your kind prate against it, Ormerod? Is it any worse in character than four-fifths of the business practiced in this world? What are you and those like you but men who seek to deprive others of their lawful gains that you may add to your stores what the others possessed? I take from the wealthy, who can afford to lose, what they have dishonestly got, more often than not, and much of what I win I contribute to the Cause to which you gave your first loyalty."

"An admirable code of ethics," observed my father. "But come to the point. What will you have? That I should apprentice Robert to you to be indentured a good, honest, trusting and skillful pirate?"

"Even so."

My father sat back in his chair. "Till not," he said.

Murray treated himself to a pinch of snuff.

"What does our young man himself say?" he asked.

"I say that you offer me no inducement," I answered as shortly as I could.

"Oddsif, he swore. "No inducement? My dear nephew, I offer you an open, bracing life—for a brief space; a share in a brave venture; an opportunity to rehabilitate your family, to rise to place, title and honor."

"On a pirate's deck?" I jeered.

"From a pirate's quarters," he corrected me gravely. "I am on my last cruise. The Royal James is to vindicate her name. Aye, in years to come she will be regarded as a shrine of loyalty and devotion, and to have sailed with Andrew Murray in her—Why, sir, who remembers today of Robin Hood ought but that he was true to King Richard in adversity!"

The man's surety was amazing.

"This passes all reason," said my father wearily. "You must be insane."

"Not at all," retorted my great-uncle. "I am the leading practitioner of my profession. Winter, Davis,

Roberts, Bellamy, all the more noted—ah—pirates of recent years, were small fry compared to me. I tell you, Ormerod, you stand in the boy's way."

"He is not a boy, but a man," snapped my father. "And able to judge his own course."

"So be it."

My great-uncle turned to me once more.

"It appears this decision is left betwixt us two, Nephew Robert," he said. "So I must inform you that I am determined to have your aid in any event by force, if you will not accompany me reasonably."

There was a snap as a brass nail split apart in Peter's grip. Murray waved an angry hand in his direction.

"Tis true that you are the most powerful man I ever met, Corlier," he remarked. "Yet I urge you not to attempt violence. I have sufficient men in the house to overpower you, and I should not hesitate to slay Ormerod or you at need. The boy is the only one of you three whose life hath value to me."

"He means it, Peter," said my father. "Force your hands down."

"Ja," squeaked Peter.

"You were ever a wise man, Ormerod," resumed my great-uncle. "I venture to congratulate you upon the soundness of your judgment. Now for you, Nephew Robert. Come with me, you shall, but I prefer that you come willingly. Therefore I lay before you

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these inducements: Firstly, we sail upon a venture which hath a color of state business, although a strict legalist would denounce it practical—you see, I endeavor to deal honestly by you after my fashion; secondly, no harm is intended to you; thirdly, the rewards of our project will be singularly rich; fourthly, I design to exploit the advantages which shall accrue to me solely for your benefit—you, Robert, are my heir, and if I have need of you in the execution of my coup, nonetheless I shall be able to repay you for whatever you do in my behalf a hundredfold, both materially and otherwise. I am, after all, your nearest kin after your father, and I say in all humility my assistance is not to be despised."

"I won't go willingly," I answered. "Even did your arguments tempt me, I should resent your threat of compulsion."

"Admirably spoken," he applauded. "Egad, I perceive you have the proper spirit. You are exactly the lad I require."

"I am the lad you'll not get," I shouted. "Call in your bravos, and I'll tear their throats out for you."

"Gently, gently," he remonstrated. "My bravos, as you term them, are not lumps. Nephew Robert, and I must warn you that the killings would not be all on the one side. If you value your father, stand fast."

And he drew from a waistcoat pocket a silver whistle, which he placed to his lips. A thin blast piped through the room, and a dozen hairy sendogs surged in from hall and kitchen. Raps on the two windows indicated that others mounted guard outside.

My father's face was a mask of mingled rage and fear—not fear for himself, but for me. He stared at the savage figures, the bared cutlasses, the ready pistols, almost with unbelief in the reality of his vision. And certes 'twas a weird spectacle in that orderly house in the town we of the province looked upon as the most advanced in the colonies—and became to me the more weird as I glimpsed next the hall door a grim mahogany face and a hangman look beneath a skin of black hair, and behind the two a familiar curvy head.

"Oh, there, Duncy!" I called out. "Where are you doing in such company? Did you know those men for pirates when you drank with them at the Whale's Head?"

"Sure, they had taken me into their crew," he answered brazenly.

"And 'twas you let them into the house and betrayed your master?" returned my father sadly. "I had not expected this of you, Darby. Have we not been kind to you?"

Darby wiggled uncomfortably.

"Oh, aye; main kind, Master Ormerod," he admitted. "But they would not let go, whether or no. Sure, they're a grand crew, tricky crew. And any way, you see, I was born to be a pirate. My truth, I was!"

Murray laughed pleasantly.

"Tis a valiant youth, and should go far," he observed. "Moreover, he speaks the truth when he says we should have won our way in to you without his aid. The accommodation was convenient, but by no means essential."

"Where is Silver, Master Bones?" he added.

"John was seeing to it the servants were all secure, sir," he answered. "Where he is now."

A cap appeared in the ranks by the kitchen door, and the one-legged man I had met on the water-front that morning slumped in on his long crutch, as cheerfully serene as any honest householder.

"Was you askin' for me, captain?" he said. "We just finished up behind there—all gagged and roped, Bristol-fashion, safe for a day, sir."

And to me—

"My duty, Master Ormerod, and I hopes we'll know each other better soon."

"I find we shall need a cart, John," said my great-uncle.

"You—you—My G-d, Murray, you can't kidnap the boy this way! Think! There are traps in Fort George. Once the hue and cry is raised you'll be—"

"But it will not be raised," replied Murray calmly. "I regret it, but we shall be obliged to tie up you and Peter so that you will be incapacitated until some kind friend happens to call on the morrow. By that time we shall be at sea."

I snatched up the chair upon which I had been sitting and brandished it over his head.

"Call off these scoundrels of yours or I'll batter out your brains," I snarled.

"John," he said, ignoring me, "you will be as kind as to place the older Master Ormerod if his son launches a blow at me."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Silver.

And he leveled a weapon at my father. I knew, without looking behind me, that Peter and I were covered by other men. It was Peter who spoke first.

"Put down der chair, Rab," he ordered quietly.

The man called Black Dog cast the name of a rope over his head and jerked his arm close to his side.

"Seen, seen," objected Peter, and with a visible effort he snatched the weapon from me.

EAGER SHOPPERS THROUGH STORES

Salesgirls Dread Bargain Days

Louisa was tired. From morning until night she had been on her feet in the busy department store. No matter how she felt, she must serve her customers with a smile. Her head throbbed and her feet ached. Week after week, she felt her strength ebbing until she was in a run-down condition, not fit to work.

"My mother suggested that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound," she writes. "I took only three bottles and it brought me about all right." Through the Vegetable Compound, she found better health to do her work and she told the other girls about it.

"That was several years ago. Louisa is now Mrs. L. C. Van Dyke of 1246 Spring St., Morrell Park, Baltimore, Md. She is the mother of three healthy, active children. She says that she found the tonic effect of the Vegetable Compound helpful to her during this critical period.

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MRS. WITH A SUCCESSFUL LOCAL RECORD, would welcome you to her city or country. Mrs. With a successful local record, would welcome you to her city or country. Mrs. With a successful local record, would welcome you to her city or country.

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Slapstick in Comedy

The dictionary defines slapstick as "a device made of two flat pieces of wood fastened together at one end, but loose at the other, sometimes used in farces or low comedy by one actor in striking another in such a way as from the loud noise to make it appear that the blow was a severe one." By extension the word now more commonly designates the sort of comedy in which such a device might be employed.

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TAKE UP CIVILIZED WAYS AND GROW RICH

Only 20 of 371 Indian Tribes Hold to Tepee.

Washington—April 10 marked the 110th anniversary of the first Indian enabling act. In other words, 110 years have elapsed since America's first official effort to cooperate with the Indian tribes was begun. During this period, says the New York Times, volumes of speeches about the Indian and his fate have been delivered in congress.

Not only congress but various civic associations have expressed their sorrow over the plight of the Indian, while America's treatment of the vanishing tribes has furnished the basis for many books.

The general condition of the Indian today is the reverse of that prophesied years ago. In 1790 Henry Knox, secretary of war, predicted that in 50 years the aboriginal nomadic Indians would be reduced "to a very small number." In 1804 the Indians were regarded as war-makers beyond redemption. About that time a secretary of the interior remarked that their total destruction "has been openly advocated by gentlemen of high position, intelligence and personal character."

Yet the present statistical survey of the Indian is far from depressing. There are 340,907 people rated as Indians in the United States, though not a few of them are half-bloods. Some sit in congress, some are in business and the professions, some of them are in professional sport, others are in the army and navy. This total is an increase of 13,500 in the last ten years.

Adopting Civilization. Of the various Indian tribes remaining there are 371 speaking 58 different languages. But of all these tribes there are only 20 where the majority live in tepees, wigwags or hogans. Most of them prefer regular houses "with all modern conveniences." The few tribes that prefer the old traditions and will not follow the younger generations are living on reservations in six different states. Arizona has the largest settlement; California and New Mexico follow.

The number of Indians, men and women, who prefer the more comfortable quarters of modern civilization is increasing. The government's most recent count shows that 44,220 families live in permanent houses that are as good or even better than those of the average white American. About 50,000 of the Indians, male and female, are voters who exercise their franchise.

Equal suffrage among them has been well and long established.

It is obviously right that the government should see that the Indian is protected in his land holdings. Values have risen till the Indian is land wealthy. Indian farmers number 40,962, and they are cultivating with modern agricultural equipment more than \$80,700 acres. The value of the steers owned by Indians has been estimated at more than \$35,000,000.

In 1922 there was 29,040,234 barrels of oil produced on lands of the Osage nation Indians. Of the value of this, \$11,700 per capita was distributed to them from royalties and bonuses. This tribe alone has received more than \$111,925,530 from their oil. The Osage nation is but one of the five civilized tribes of Oklahoma, the total at the last enumeration being 103,200.

Money in Bank. There are 1,392,370 acres of irrigable Indian land, and of land actually irrigated 366,000 acres. The federal government has expended large amounts of money to bring water to these Indian lands, totaling thus far \$25,924,701. On land that is reserved to the Indians there is estimated to be 25,000,000,000 board feet of timber, valued at \$100,000,000.

Land and cattle, houses and citizenship are not the only Indian possessions. There are vast areas of coal in lands in the custody of Indians. The federal government has agreed to loan the Indians a total of \$2,500,000 in interest at 5 per cent amount to \$2,500,000 bank deposits of individual Indians now aggregating more than \$25,000,000. Besides the Indians of their own free will have received \$25,000,000 in liberty bonds.

The Indians themselves are getting their rights in a way familiar to the whites by organization. In Washington recently 500 Indians formed the National Council of American Indians. Its purpose is "the defense of the Indians, the protection of their property and the advancement among them of the advantages of civilization."

Association with the white man has made the Indian anxious to have more of the "advantages of civilization." By a curious coincidence, the formation of the National Council of Indians was organized not far from the spot where the powerful Algonquin tribes once held periodic council. There is no doubt of the influence already exerted by this Indian organization. Congress is being urged for a thorough investigation of Indian affairs.

The Bean Marches On

Atlantic City, N. J.—The Boston baked bean has migrated again, this time to South America, where it is displacing native dishes. The general Federation of Women's Clubs was informed by a Buenos Aires correspondent.

MOST POPULAR OF GEOGRAPHIC NAMES

National Education Association Reports on Tests.

Washington—The United States, England, France, New York city, China, London, and Germany.

These are the geographical names most commonly mentioned in the United States, according to tests reported in the yearbook of the department of superintendence, National Education association.

"Surveys also have determined what, from the American point of view, are the mountains, cities and other geographical features most useful for a school child to know, on the basis of the times he will encounter them in his newspaper and other reading," says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"The Amazon still is the longest and largest of rivers, but the Nile ranks first in geographical interest, according to a recent rating. And after the Nile come the Nile, Danube, Mississippi, Hudson, Volga, Euphrates, Saar, Jordan and Thames. The mighty Amazon is fifteenth on this list.

"In pursuance of their effort to teach first the geographical matters of most common knowledge educational committees took widely read magazines, newspapers and books. They found that the ten most popular mountains of the earth, judging from times they were mentioned, are: Alps, Caucasus, Rocky, Himalayas, Andes, Everest, Appalachian, Himalaya, and Mt. Blanc.

"Greenland is the largest island but the Philippines rank first in American frequency of mention, one geography teacher investigator finds, and the six next in line are: West Indies, Hawaiian Islands, East Indian Islands, Porto Rico, Sicily, and Samoon Islands."

Can Correlate Protection. "It is now possible to correlate many cases of film protection with the solubility either of the first corrosion product or of some other material formed when the corrosion product reacts with dissolved substances. The tendency to protect is greatest when a highly insoluble film is formed close to the metal. Many hitherto obscure examples of corrosion resistance are explainable on this basis and it has direct application in the development of alloys such as stainless steel."

Birth Rates Take Drop in 26 Out of 30 States

Washington—Birth rates for 1925 were lower than for 1924 in 26 out of 30 states for which records are available, according to the Department of Commerce.

The birth rate for 1925 was 21.2 per 1,000 population, as compared with 22.6 in 1924. The highest 1925 birth rate, 28.8, is shown for North Carolina, and the lowest, 15.1, for Montana. The Illinois birth rate in 1925 was 19.1, compared with 19.9 for 1924. The birth rate for the city of Chicago is given as 19.9 for 1925, as compared with 20 in 1924.

Death rates for 1925 were higher than for 1924 in 16 of the 30 states. The average death rate in the 30 states was 11.7 per 1,000 population in 1925, as against 11.9 in 1924. The highest 1925 death rate, 14.6, is shown for Vermont, and the lowest 7.7, for Montana and North Dakota. The death rate both in Illinois and the city of Chicago was 11.5 in 1925 and 11.2 in 1924.

Forest Service Will Round Up Wild Horses

Bismarck, Mont. Last year the forest service initiated the plan of rounding up and disposing of all wild horses within the confines of the national forest and plans to continue the drive this year.

In 1925 there were 506 head captured in the Gallatin national forest alone, and it is estimated that there are 700 of these useless animals still within the forest range. Throughout the national forest of the state there are thousands more.

Some of these animals were at one time domesticated. They were turned out to range by themselves and those of the best value were not rounded up. In many cases of these horses wild and the ones that survived the roundup and predatory animals had with other bands and thus herds were formed.

Manuscripts Say Christ Preached in Central Asia

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The manuscript will throw much light on the vague years of Christ's life before his return to Jerusalem in his twenty-ninth year, it is believed.

The expedition, which has been in and around Chinese Turkestan since 1923, was detained in central Asia by the death of Kishan, but was released after the area were confiscated, according to the museum.

Find Leper Cure

Rio de Janeiro, September 26.—A general of leprosy curing has been found in Brazil, including one species which is thought to be more efficacious than the famous chaulmoogra tree of Hawaii, announced the National Agricultural society.

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METAL EXPERIMENTS CHECK CORROSION

Resistant Alloys Produced by Research Work.

Madison, Wis.—The protection of metals from corrosion and the development of corrosion-resistant alloys such as stainless steel are progressing rapidly under the impetus of scientific research into the nature of corrosion processes, Walter G. Whitman, industrial chemist of Whiting, Ind., declared in an address here.

As an example of the strides that have been made toward preventing and removing rust, he told fellow chemists at the regional meeting of the American Chemical society here that the elimination of dissolved oxygen from water entering steam boilers is now a common practice in reducing boiler corrosion.

"Old Theories Discarded." "Within the last few years," Mr. Whitman stated, "the conflict of contradictory theories has given way to a general agreement that corrosion is fundamentally electrochemical in action."

"Most cases of corrosion are chargeable to the action of oxygen from the air in the presence of moisture. Even a case of so-called 'mechanical' erosion of turbine blades has been shown to be truly a corrosive phenomenon due to oxygen."

"The products of corrosion often build up films on the surface which protect the underlying metal from further attack. These films are also formed by reaction of the corrosion products with material dissolved in the water such as calcium bicarbonate. Where such films are only partially protective they may break down locally and cause severe pitting of the metal at the point of breakdown."

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Seek Secrets of Voodoo Mysteries

The real merits, if any, of voodooism as practiced in Africa may be brought to light by a unique research in progress at the University of Witwatersrand, Prof. J. M. Watt of the department of pharmacology has undertaken to find out the actual medicinal value of all the herbs, plants and other charms used in the semi-barbaric religious rites of the natives.

He has sent out several thousand questionnaires to all parts of the world, asking all who are interested to send in material. The response has exceeded every expectation, and specimens have poured in from all over Africa, over a thousand coming from North Rhodesia alone.

It will probably take years to go over the vast amount of material accumulated, but it is hoped that when results of the investigation are eventually published, some drugs may be found whose virtues are at present unknown to the medical profession.—From Science.

Tells of Hardships in British Honduras

After undergoing severe hardships in exploring British Honduras Lady Richmond Brown has returned to England, says the London Daily News.

In an interview she said: "Our greatest difficulty on the trip was that of labor. We were left without a single worker at the end owing to a mysterious illness which overtook the natives. Of our Indians 12 died suddenly. There was practically no village without its toll of sick. Our health suffered severely and our feet were covered with 'chiggers' (parasites which burrow under the skin and create sores)."

"The area was infested with scorpions and tarantulas, and our riding boots and clothing had always to be well shaken before we put them on."

"But perhaps the worst feature of all was the lack of water. For two months we did not drink a drop of water except with tea or coffee, and we took extraordinary precautions that the water was well boiled."

"On our return to the coast we encountered some of the worst electrical storms the district has known."

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful what Cuticura will do for poor complexion, dandruff, itching and red, rough hands.—Advertisement.

Growing Industry

Half of all the electricity used in the entire world is consumed in this country, and today our central station industry represents an investment of more than \$7,500,000,000. Its production last year was nearly 61,000,000,000 kilowatt hours of energy. Two hundred thousand employees make up its operating force. It serves 15,000,000 customers, which is a gain of over 1,000,000 during the last year. This figure represents power to about 70,000,000 people. More than 1,500,000 of the public own securities of the companies which serve them.—Forbes Magazine (N. Y.).

Individually, you may not dare to go into a business, but, by combining your money with that of others, you can become a partner with them. Will you profit by the ever-increasing demand for artificial stone building trim? Write now. Box 250, Woodbridge, N. J.—Adv.

Real Assistance

An understanding partner is a big help at a dance. In the opinion of one who attended a sorority affair held recently in the Claypool hotel during the execution of the strenuous Charleston her "store help" used to conceal the hidden love, became loose and threatened disaster.

"My hair, it's falling!" she gasped. With that, the young man caught the wayward tresses as they slid down her neck and stuck them in his coat pocket and continued the dance. In dianapolis News.

A Good Loser

"Ever play strip poker?" "Yep, started once and got cold feet."—Virginia Rev.

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ATWATER KENT IGNITION for Fords

Thousands of Ford owners have found

that the Atwater Kent Type LA Ignition System for Fords lasts longer, is less trouble, means a smoother running motor, easier starting, picks up quicker and gives more power.

Of the same general character as the Atwater Kent Ignition Systems furnished as standard equipment on many of America's foremost cars, it is a complete scientific ignition system with twenty-six years' experience in making scientific ignition systems back of it.

As carefully made as an Atwater Kent Radio Set.

Installed in less than an hour.

